The Worst First

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Summary

Jeongguk wants to tell the other members about their relationship, but Yoongi doesn't seem so keen.

Fluff, smut, and for the first time a small bit of angst (not too much though, don't worry).

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

It's been nearly three weeks. *Three weeks.* Well, to be more precise, eighteen days, not that he's counting. He somehow thought that being in a couple meant that he might be more laid back, that his sexual energy might quell a bit. He feels like it's the complete opposite; knowing that Yoongi is so nearby, and knowing what he can do, how he can make Jeongguk feel. Well, it just drives him crazy. Jeongguk sometimes wonders if it's a case of wanting to make up for lost time, all those teenage years of sexual frustration, but from the way Yoongi grinds up against him when they share a heated kiss in a stolen moment he's pretty sure he's not the only one feeling like this.

He glances over at the door, making sure that it's definitely closed before slipping his hand beneath the bed covers and starting to palm at his hardening cock. It's still ridiculously early in the morning but Namjoon is already out of bed. Jeongguk doesn't know exactly where he but it's not his main concern right now. He gasps lightly at his own touch, only taking a few moments before giving in and shoving his hand beneath the waistband of his pajamas.

His mind drifts back to the last time he got to indulge in anything like this with Yoongi. He remembers Yoongi standing in front the bed as Jeongguk went down on him on his birthday. Hands threading through his hair, clumsy from the alcohol. The way he looked down at Jeongguk, gaze so full of feelings that it was a little startling. How his fingers stroked gently along his jaw.

Jeongguk's noticed lately that the focus of his sexual thoughts has shifted somewhat. His fantasies were always fairly blunt and to the point and to be honest these days they're still not going to win him any prizes for romance. But he's realised that he thinks back to other things now. The way Yoongi looks at him, the tender touches, the way it *feels* to be with him.

Jeongguk pushes his pajamas down just enough so that he can properly take hold of his cock. He doesn't take his time like he would if he were working Yoongi but instead slides his hand back and forth with fast, firm movements. His thoughts become a blur, mixing up all the different memories but it's all still Yoongi, Yoongi, Yoongi.

It doesn't take long before his breathing becomes a lot more laboured and his hand moves quicker, aided by the precome that's sliding down his length. Fuck, he's getting close already. He keeps moving his hand and then-

Someone knocks at the door. Jeongguk stills and stays silent. Hopefully they'll give up and go away. The door opens and Yoongi steps inside. The room is still dark but Jeongguk can see the smile on his face when he notices Jeongguk looking at him.

"Oh, you're awake," he says, a little surprised given that his knock received no response.

"Were you hoping to watch me sleep?" Jeongguk teases, hoping his breathing sounds normal.

"No, that's your speciality isn't it?" Yoongi retorts with a grin.

Jeongguk flushes, remembering that time Yoongi caught the younger watching him as he dozed.

"Shut up," Jeongguk mumbles.

Yoongi laughs lightly and wanders over towards the bed. He wets his lips, looking contemplative.

"So, I noticed that Namjoon left this morning…." he says, words trailing off as he grabs the edge of Jeongguk's covers.

Shit, of all the mornings he could have chosen to initiate sharing a bed together. Jeongguk tries to hurriedly tug his pajamas back up but it's not quick enough before Yoongi pulls away the covers. Yoongi immediately spots the situation, lips tugging into a smirk and his eyebrows arching.

"Well then," he says dryly. "I'm very sorry. I didn't realise I was interrupting."

"You're not-" Jeongguk begins. "I mean I wasn't-"

Yoongi keeps on smirking down at him and Jeongguk gives up. It's pretty fucking obvious what he's been doing. Yoongi doesn't seem to mind. He pulls the covers back a little bit more before climbing in next to him, laying on his side so that they're face to face. Yoongi's lips press together, holding back a wider smile that Jeongguk can tell is threatening to spread.

"So," Yoongi says, and Jeongguk can't help but notice that his voice has dropped a little lower. "Can I ask what you were thinking about?"

His tone is still teasing but there's more than a hint of desire in there

too. Jeongguk chews on his lower lip, affecting a thoughtful air.

“I’m not really sure I should share,” he answers, voice slipping low as well. He struggles to suppress the grin he wants to let break out.

“Oh?” Yoongi says, amused and curious. “That’s a shame.”

Even in the relatively dark room Jeongguk can see how his eyes sparkle mischievously, full of warmth and want. Jeongguk shifts a little closer, Yoongi’s hand resting on his hip, thumb rubbing lightly against the material there.

“Yeah it is,” Jeongguk says. “Especially seems I was thinking about you.”

He doesn’t fail to miss the way Yoongi’s eyes light up even more at his words. Jeongguk doesn’t know who on earth else Yoongi expected him to be thinking about, but his reaction still makes Jeongguk want to smile widely all the same.

“Yeah?” Yoongi breathes. He shifts closer so that they’re almost pressed together. “What about me?”

Jeongguk shifts a little closer too, swallowing hard when he feels Yoongi’s growing erection brush against his thigh. He lifts his non-sticky hand and curls his fingers around Yoongi’s side. Jeongguk’s tongue darts out to wet his lips, his face inching nearer to Yoongi’s.

“A lot of things,” Jeongguk tells him honestly. He pauses. “Thought about you fucking me."

He can hear the way Yoongi breathes in, deep and a little shaky. Their bodies press together more. Yoongi’s gaze travels over his face, his mouth parted slightly. His eyes meet with Jeongguk’s, the heat in his gaze as intense as always.

“Sounds good,” Yoongi whispers. His thumb that rubs against Jeongguk’s hip slips beneath the material of his pajamas, dipping teasingly under the waistband.

“It’s been so long, hyung,” Jeongguk says, not caring about the desperation that seeps into his voice.

“I know,” Yoongi replies softly, the frustration clear in his tone too. The press of their bodies gets harder, Jeongguk’s leg sliding between Yoongi’s. Yoongi rubs up against it, breath hitching slightly at the

sensation.

“Fuck me,” Jeongguk breathes, not trying to hide the neediness in his request. “Please, Yoongi.”

It’s been so long since they’ve had an opportunity like this. Jeongguk knows that the other members will all be getting up soon, if they’ve not already, and that it’s ridiculously risky, but he’s so turned on and Yoongi’s so close, and he just *needs* him like nothing else. It may have been three weeks since his birthday but it’s been well over a month now since they actually had sex. He expects Yoongi to protest, to remind him that they need to be careful, but it seems that waiting has got to him too.

“God, *yes*,” Yoongi sighs.

His mouth is suddenly on Jeongguk’s, tongue licking into his mouth and Jeongguk opens up for him willingly. Their bodies become more entwined as they kiss, deep and passionate. Their tongues move together in a slick, wet glide that Jeongguk can’t get enough of no matter how many times they’ve done this now. Jeongguk lets himself get utterly lost in it. The taste of Yoongi’s mouth, the feel of Yoongi's fingers slipping beneath his t shirt. He’s still painfully hard and when Yoongi rubs against him again his hips push back eagerly.

Jeongguk pushes against Yoongi, rolling him onto his back. Jeongguk slides his body over Yoongi’s, continuing to grind their hips together. Yoongi feels so good under him, his body so warm and solid, arms wrapping around Jeongguk’s back, legs bending a little either side of Jeongguk’s hips. Jeongguk thinks back to Yoongi’s offer from a while back that he’d be happy to let Jeongguk try being top and for the first time Jeongguk properly considers the idea. He pushes it to the back of his mind for the moment though; if he tries it he wants to take his time and right now he just badly needs to be fucked by Yoongi.

The thin fabric of their pajamas does nothing to disguise how hard they both are right now. Jeongguk keeps rolling down into Yoongi, loving the feel of the elder’s cock rubbing against his own through the material. The friction is amazing and Jeongguk groans quietly into the kiss. Yoongi’s hands are everywhere. The backs of his thighs, his sides, in his hair. It’s like he’s trying to touch as much of Jeongguk as possible in the short time they have.

They kiss hard still, pulling away every so often to catch their breath from the intensity. Their lips soon find each others again, tongues

slipping inside mouths needily. God, he loves this. He *wants* this, all the time. Not just the sex but Yoongi here with him, touching him, kissing him. He wants them to be together, properly, not hiding. Fuck, he really wants it.

Jeongguk's t shirt is bunched up beneath his armpits, shucked up his back from Yoongi's hands that are exploring his skin so thoroughly. One of his own hands has slid under Yoongi's t shirt too, feeling the soft skin of his side whilst the other runs along the back of his thigh, ensuring their hips are kept firmly together. Yoongi's gasping into their kisses as is Jeongguk, the feeling just incredible. Their tongues meet messily, finesse replaced with pure lust. Jeongguk rolls his hips down faster, wanting more of the sensation.

"Slow down, baby," Yoongi pants against Jeongguk's lips. "You're gonna make me come."

Jeongguk has to admit, the idea of Yoongi being so worked up that he could come like this gives him a deep, carnal thrill. He takes Yoongi's suggestion however, slowing down the movement of his hips to a languid grind. Their lengths continue to rub against each other, the thin material damp with precome.

"Fuck yes, like that," Yoongi moans quietly.

Yoongi's hands find Jeongguk's ass, pressing down firmly. Jeongguk pulls back a little to look down at the man beneath him. Yoongi's eyes are closed, mouth parted, as gets lost in the sensation. He looks so blissful. It sends a throb of pleasure straight through Jeongguk. He sits up more, leaning over and rummaging in the chaotic top drawer of his bedside cabinet. His fingers find the small bottle he's looking for, grasping it and then near enough shoving it into Yoongi's hand.

Yoongi's eyes open. He looks down at his hand, then back up at Jeongguk, an eyebrow raised. Jeongguk flushes a little. He remembers back to the time they first had sex in his room when they almost had to stop because there was no lube around. Or so they thought before they noticed some helpfully supplied by Taehyung and Jimin. Jeongguk made damn sure to always have some ready in his room after that, just in case.

Jeongguk doesn't waste time, hurriedly ridding his lower body of the unnecessary clothing, quickly doing the same to Yoongi. Yoongi's expression is caught somewhere between amusement at his eagerness and plain desire, simmering in his irises.

"Kook," Yoongi says softly.

Jeongguk leans down, lips finding Yoongi's once more. They kiss slower this time but still deep, still passionate. They kiss like that for a long time, slowing down the frantic pace. When they break apart Yoongi strokes his fingers through Jeongguk's hair, brushing the strands away from where they stick to his damp forehead.

He looks up at the younger with a fondness that trickles down to Jeongguk's very core, warming and satisfying an ache deep inside him that he didn't realise he had. Jeongguk just wants to kiss him, cling to him, god he doesn't even know.

Yoongi doesn't allow him much time for him to get flustered however. He looks off to the side, popping the bottle and coating his fingers.

Jeongguk lowers his body more fully onto Yoongi, making sure that his weight isn't too crushing. Their shirts are already damp with sweat as their chests press together. Yoongi's free hand rubs soothingly at the small of Jeongguk's back and Jeongguk shifts his legs a little wider.

When Yoongi's finger starts to push tentatively inside him Jeongguk has to bury his face against the side of Yoongi's neck, overwhelmed by the knowledge that he's finally getting what he wants. Yoongi's other hand drops down to Jeongguk's ass, helping to spread him a little as he introduces a second finger. It's heavenly, the way Yoongi's fingers reach inside, stretching him gently, but the angle's a little awkward and it's not quite deep enough.

"Kneel up a bit," Yoongi requests.

Jeongguk does so, a quiet, embarrassing whimper leaving him as Yoongi's fingers momentarily disappear. They're soon back though and from this angle they work their way deep inside. Jeongguk's eyes fall closed as he gasps loudly, Yoongi's fingertips grazing that spot within him. As much as he may have jerked off recently he's never done this to himself, and feeling that burst of deep pleasure again is just so, so good.

"Yoongi, please, fuck me," Jeongguk mumbles, needing it more than ever.

Yoongi's face creases into an almost pained expression, as though he'd love to just go ahead and do exactly as requested. He holds back though, meticulous as ever in ensuring that Jeongguk's thoroughly

prepared. By the time he's finished with three fingers Jeongguk's near enough shaking with desire.

Yoongi's coats his cock with the liquid, hands moving to Jeongguk's hips. He guides him gently then oh god, he's finally sliding inside. Jeongguk's fingers grip onto Yoongi's side, adjusting to the fullness as he sinks all the way down onto him. Yoongi's looking up at him, eyes hooded as he watches Jeongguk start to move on him.

"*Yes*," he sighs, head tipping back against the pillows.

Jeongguk bends forward, bracketing Yoongi as he leans on his forearms. The covers fall over him again, a wild attempt at pretending like they can stay hidden if someone were to walk in. Jeongguk brings their mouths together, kissing lightly before simply letting their parted lips rest against each other. Their breath mixes as Jeongguk moves slowly on Yoongi's cock, drinking in the fullness, the drag against his walls.

"Yoongi," he murmurs, slipping his tongue between his parted lips.

Yoongi moans softly into the kiss. His hips start to roll up a little, thrusting gently into Jeongguk. Jeongguk's stomach clenches. It feels so close, so intimate, pressed together in the sticky heat under the covers. Jeongguk feels like he's drowning in it, sinking into the sensations, into the intense emotions swirling inside his chest.

"God, Jeongguk," Yoongi breathes against his lips. "You feel amazing."

Jeongguk captures his mouth again in another kiss and fuck, he just wants to do this all day. It feels so good, the languid thrusts of Yoongi into him, the gradual way the heat builds in the pit of his stomach.

He feels one of Yoongi's hands slip down to his ass, gripping tight as his other arm loops around Jeongguk's back. He senses Yoongi's legs spreading wider, feet planting down firm into the mattress to give him to leverage he needs to fuck up into Jeongguk harder.

"Yoongi, oh god, *yes*," Jeongguk groans quietly into the skin of his neck.

It's still slow but it's so amazing. Jeongguk can't believe that they've gone so long without doing this. Being with Yoongi just makes him feel so alive; every touch sets his nerves alight, every kiss makes him feel like he's drowning in the best way possible.

Yoongi keeps hitting right where Jeongguk needs it and he's finding it harder and harder to stay quiet, pressing his face right into the crook of Yoongi's neck. Yoongi seems to be struggling too, biting back barely restrained whimpers and groans. Fuck, someone's actually going to hear them if they're not careful.

Jeongguk's thoughts are cut off when the sound of a door slamming downstairs indicates that someone is up and about in the house. He worries that Yoongi might stop this upon hearing it, seemingly confirmed by the elder suddenly pressing against Jeongguk's hips, lifting him up and off.

Jeongguk's about to protest when he's pushed onto his back instead. Yoongi climbs over him, still keeping up the pretence of staying hidden as he pulls the covers back over them. His mouth captures Jeongguk's in a heated kiss, muffling their moans as Yoongi's cock slides back deep inside.

Yoongi goes a little faster, his arm slipping under the small of Jeongguk's back, holding him tight as he slides into him over and over. The new angle feels even more incredible, Yoongi hitting where he needs it almost every time. They lose the ability to kiss properly, mouths simply pressed together to muffle any sounds escaping them. Jeongguk's arms cling onto Yoongi's back, the heat deep inside him building more and more.

Yoongi keeps fucking him hard and god he doesn't want it to end but he's so, so close. He's needed this so badly and Yoongi's just giving him everything he wants. It's all too much. He needs to touch himself so badly, needs those final strokes to bring him over the edge but the way Yoongi's holding him close makes it difficult. His hand scrabbles uselessly at Yoongi's hip instead. That heat keeps growing, tightening and tightening until Jeongguk feels like it would only take a touch to bring him over the edge.

"Just give into it, Kook," Yoongi breathes against his lips as though he knows the struggle he's having.

Jeongguk doesn't really know how. He tries to stop focusing on the ache of his cock, instead tries to concentrate on that deep, wonderful feeling tightening so deep inside him. Yoongi slides into him hard, hitting his prostate again and again and-

Oh god. Oh *fuck*. A deep*, deep* pleasure breaks inside of him, growing and growing until it's surging powerfully through him and he's coming

so intensely that he feels for a moment like it's never going to stop. Jeongguk feels the warmth coating his t shirt between the two of them. His limbs tremble, clinging weakly onto Yoongi.

"God, Jeongguk," Yoongi gasps, thrusting into him once, twice more before he buries his face into Jeongguk's shoulder as he comes inside him.

Yoongi almost immediately collapses down onto Jeongguk. Jeongguk's arms stay around him, hands resting against his upper back. Their breathing is rapid and Jeongguk can feel Yoongi's heart racing above his own.

They stay like that for a long time, Yoongi's face pressed into his neck as Jeongguk's arms remain wrapped around Yoongi's back, fingers rubbing gentle circles through the damp material of his shirt. The soft strands of Yoongi's hair tickle against Jeongguk's cheek and he nuzzles into it, inhaling contentedly.

Eventually their breathing returns to normal and at some point Yoongi's head lifts up. He looks down at Jeongguk, eyes swimming with a depth of emotion that Jeongguk finds himself lost in, unable to look away. Yoongi finally breaks it by bringing their lips together in a tender kiss. It breaks only when the sound of chatter heading downstairs hit their ears, and Yoongi rolls off a little to the side.

"Shit. That was pretty risky," Jeongguk laughs breathlessly, a last surge of adrenaline racing through him at the thought. Sure, they've pushed their luck over the last few months but actually having sex in an unlocked room while others are up and about is a new level.

"Got a bit carried away sorry," Yoongi smiles guiltily. "Worth it though I hope?" It's playful but there's a note of genuine concern too, like he's making sure that Jeongguk's totally okay with it.

"I mean, I came without being touched. Do you really need to ask?" Jeongguk grins easily.

Yoongi slaps him lightly on the arm but he's grinning too, almost shyly. He presses his face into Jeongguk's shoulder.

"Yeah, that was pretty hot," Yoongi admits with a chuckle, voice muffled by the material.

He looks up, the memory seeming to give him a new rush of excitement as when he kisses Jeongguk next it's a little more fiery

than before. Jeongguk goes to pull him in closer, wanting to get lost in it again, but Yoongi groans and pulls away.

"You're fucking addictive," Yoongi grumbles softly, pressing a brief kiss to Jeongguk's forehead before standing up. Jeongguk sighs happily, eyes fluttering closed at the touch.

"Don't go," Jeongguk huffs, eyes opening in order to pull his best pleading look while Yoongi's pulling on his pajama bottoms. Yoongi catches it and pulls the bed covers up over the younger's face.

"Don't give me that look," Yoongi laughs as Jeongguk wrenches the covers back down. "Your maknae charms won't work on me."

"Fine," Jeongguk sighs, flopping back against the pillows in defeat.

Yoongi looks down at his shirt, smeared with an unmistakable white. "Um, can I borrow a sweater or something 'til I'm in my room?"

Jeongguk reaches to the side of his bed, grabbing the hoodie he discarded before sleep last night and tossing it over. Yoongi catches it deftly and pulls it on. It makes something tighten in Jeongguk's chest to see Yoongi in his clothes like that. He reaches out, tugging on the sleeve and bringing Yoongi back towards him.

"I need to shower," Yoongi says, soft but firm as he perches on the side of the bed. "And as much as I'd like you to join me, I think that might be pushing our luck a little *too* far."

He leans down and presses one final kiss into Jeongguk's hair. He looks somewhat sad as he gives Jeongguk a small smile.

"See you at practice then," Jeongguk replies and as Yoongi wanders out the room he can't help but feel a little sad too.

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The next few days pass much like the others. Yoongi and Jeongguk share their stolen kisses and secret smiles. Jeongguk thinks back to how he felt the other morning; hell, how he feels most mornings. Most days. Of course Jimin and Taehyung know about their situation, but he just kind of wants it to be out there. Obviously not *too* out there. Jeongguk's not naive - he knows it's not something that could ever be public as idols.

But there's times riding home in the taxi with the others, or eating

dinner in the kitchen, or relaxing in the lounge when he just wants to act, well, like a couple. He wants to kiss Yoongi good morning or curl up next to him on the couch or any of the nauseating things that he never really pictured himself doing before this all happened, but now sort of aches to do. In all honesty he could even live without those things. Just the acknowledgement from the other members that he and Yoongi are *together* is all he needs.

Jeongguk knows that Yoongi said to wait a little longer but that was over three weeks ago and he's not exactly sure when he's meant to be waiting until. It's during an interview one day when he makes the decision to ask again.

There's the usual inane questions about what they look for in a girl, ideal first dates, same old same old. Jeongguk's got the answers ready as usual. Yoongi's always got away with being a bit blase with his answers, accepted as part of his more distant personality. As the maknae however Jeongguk's always had to give an answer to get hearts fluttering, which he prides himself on doing despite never having looked at a girl that way in his life. It makes him realise today though even more strongly that if he has to lie so much about this as an idol, then he at least wants to be honest with his closest friends.

As usual they all mock and tease each others answers. Jeongguk's never thought much about it but he now recalls Jimin's noncommittal answer when he asked if they were gay that first Sunday morning. Jimin had said that sometimes you do things with people because it's fun. Are they usually into girls? He realises that he doesn't actually know. Not even Yoongi.

He watches their answers a little more closely this time. Yoongi basically manages to tactfully avoid the question. Jimin goes for something very sweet but spends most of his time flirting with the camera. Taehyung's answer seems the most honest, but Jeongguk can't really tell for certain. He does however notice Jimin's gaze drop the floor a few moments too long as Taehyung talks, but he quickly sits up and is smiling again once he catches himself. Jeongguk furrows his eyebrows slightly. His focus is soon drawn away by the interviewer asking another question and when he doesn't see that look again he thinks he must have imagined it.

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"Just give up already."

"No way. No surrender."

Jeongguk whoops as his character on screen gets a clean hit at Taehyung's character, near enough finishing him off. Taehyung laughs in the midst of his panic.

"Okay, okay, I take it back," Taehyung shrieks as Jeongguk advances on him. "Why can't we all just live in peace?"

Jeongguk ignores him and reloads, finishing off Taehyung's character without mercy. He raises his hands in victory, controller dropping to the floor. Taehyung covers his face with his palms, groaning loudly.

"Fucking brutal, Kook," he says, slamming his own controller down in pretend outrage. His eyes are sparkling in humour however. Jeongguk just keeps silently cheering himself, flexing his arms at Taehyung in mock bravado. The elder pushes him away and Jeongguk laughs brightly. The door to the lounge opens and Jimin walks in, taking a moment to survey the scene in front of him.

"Kook kick your ass again, Tae?" he asks with a smirk.

"Of course," Jeongguk grins, standing up in front of Jimin. "Perhaps you should challenge Tae instead. You know, bit more equal footing."

"So cocky," Jimin grumbles, rolling his eyes.

"Come on then," Taehyung laughs, holding up the controller in Jimin's direction. There's a brief moment of hesitation from Jimin as he looks at the outstretched hand, then at Taehyung. Then he's taking hold of the controller and sitting cross-legged on the floor, smiling as he begins his stream of smack talk aimed at Taehyung's character.

"I'm heading to the gym for a bit," Jeongguk tells them but they're both already too absorbed in the game.

Jeongguk watches for a moment before heading out of the room and into the kitchen to fill up his water bottle. He grins when he spots Yoongi in there, working on his laptop at the large table. He has his headphones on as he types, pausing every so often to peer more closely at whatever is on the screen. Jeongguk's not sure where the other three members are. He assumes they must be in their rooms or out of the house. He does a quick double check of the hallway anyway before walking in, stepping up behind Yoongi. He bends forward to wrap his arms around the elder's shoulders, his grin widening when Yoongi jumps a little at the unexpected touch

"Sorry, did I scare you?" Jeongguk asks teasingly once Yoongi removes his headphones, leaving them to hang loosely around his neck. Yoongi makes a dismissive noise.

"As if," he tuts, like the very idea is ridiculous.

He leans back so that his head rests against Jeongguk's stomach, tipping his head further back so that he's looking up at Jeongguk. Jeongguk takes one quick glance to check that they're still alone before bending forward at a near impossible angle to kiss Yoongi upside down. He misses and ends up crashing his lips against Yoongi's chin instead, causing them both to laugh stupidly. He gives up and sits in the chair next to Yoongi at the table.

"That was a lot cooler when Spiderman did it," Jeongguk concedes.

"Definitely," Yoongi agrees before frowning. "Hang on, no wait. That makes me the girl."

"In fairness, you do look pretty in a dress, hyung," Jeongguk grins mischievously.

"Fuck off," Yoongi says, moving his hands to his headphones as though going to put them back on . He's trying to keep a stern face but Jeongguk can see the faint trace of a smile threatening to give him away. Jeongguk laughs, placing his own hands on the headphones to keep them in place around Yoongi's neck.

"Okay, okay, I apologise," he says quietly. There's a moment's pause while Yoongi eyes him suspiciously. Jeongguk takes a deep, solemn breath. "I misspoke. I of course meant that hyung looks ugly in a dress."

Yoongi laughs despite himself. "I hate you," he huffs.

Any malice in the comment is lost however when his hand comes to rest on Jeongguk's thigh and he leans in with a smile, brushing their lips together gently. When he pulls back his eyes are shining warmly. It makes Jeongguk want to kiss him again, which he of course does. Yoongi's gaze is still full of affection when they break apart once more, and Jeongguk's sure that his own gaze is a perfect reflection. Yoongi makes a small, contented noise before looking back at the laptop screen, although his hand stays resting on Jeongguk's thigh.

His eyes refocus on the words of the draft email on the screen, taking his time to read each line while Jeongguk watches him quietly.

There's the faint sound of music still playing from the headphones, a rap song that Jeongguk's unfamiliar with. Jeongguk shuffles closer on his chair and rests his head on Yoongi's shoulder. He hopes that he's not bothering the other man by being here but he's pretty sure Yoongi would have told him to go if that were the case. Instead he just lets Jeongguk lean against him like that, only moving at one point to press a soft kiss into his hair, a small action that really shouldn't get Jeongguk's stomach swooping as much as it does. Jeongguk's not really paying attention to what Yoongi's typing, though it seems to be some emails about different tracks and details of studio times.

"You work too hard," Jeongguk sighs once his impatience starts to seep in, wanting Yoongi's attention back on him, even if it's kind of selfish. He knows that Yoongi has a lot more responsibilities and gets involved in a lot more than he does.

"Yeah, probably," Yoongi chuckles. He types out a couple of extra lines, reading them through before clicking send. He sits up a little straighter, squeezing Jeongguk's thigh before turning to face him, Jeongguk's head in turn lifting off his shoulder. "What are you doing for the rest of the evening?"

"Don't know," Jeongguk shrugs. "I was just going to head to the gym for a bit."

Yoongi's nose scrunches up. "Urgh, boring," he says, a teasing tone to his voice. "How'd I end up with a gym rat for a boyfriend?"

Jeongguk tries not to show too much of a reaction to Yoongi's comment. Although they've been together a while now, it's the first time that Yoongi has ever referred to him as his boyfriend out loud. Maybe it's a silly thing to get excited over but it makes Jeongguk feel a little giddy all the same. He mentally berates himself for being such a fucking teenage girl sometimes. The giddiness does however give him a little boost of adrenaline, enough to be a little extra confident in his reply.

"Hmm, well, you certainly seem to appreciate the results," he says with a smirk.

Yoongi bites down on his lower lip, his eyes darkening almost imperceptibly but enough to send a small shiver through Jeongguk. "You've got me there," he concedes, eyes glinting with a flash of obvious lust.

He grins deviously at Jeongguk and Jeongguk grins right back.

“Prefer my workouts with you though,” he winks.

The cheesiness of Jeongguk’s line causes Yoongi to make a strange choked sound, caught somewhere between a laugh and pained groan. Jeongguk laughs along with him, nudging his shoulder against Yoongi’s.

“Well, I was going to ask if you wanted to watch a movie or something, but now I’m not so sure,” Yoongi tells him jokingly.

The sound of the front door opening and closing travels through to the kitchen. Yoongi wordlessly moves his hand off of Jeongguk’s thigh, turning to give Namjoon a small wave as he walks past the entrance to the kitchen. The smile on Jeongguk’s face falters slightly but he gives Namjoon a quick wave too. He looks back at Yoongi.

“So what was that about a movie?”

“Oh. I just didn’t know if you felt like maybe watching a movie or something later. Seokjin’s out for dinner I think so,” Yoongi shrugs, a bit more nonchalantly than is usual, “We can if you like.”

“Sounds great,” Jeongguk replies. “Though do you mean watching a movie or *watching a movie*.” His fingers raise to make quotation marks around the last phrase, earning him an elbow in the side from Yoongi.

“I mean *actually* watching a movie,” he chuckles. “Such a one track mind.”

“Hey, you’re just as bad,” Jeongguk protests.

Yoongi contemplates this briefly. “Hmm, fair enough,” he admits. “I was just thinking it might be nice to spend some time together.” He looks a little embarrassed and Jeongguk just kind of wants to fling his arms around the elder, but he stays seated.

“Sounds fun,” he smiles. Yoongi smiles back.

Jeongguk’s session at the gym isn’t quite as productive as normal. He’s a tad distracted by thoughts of spending the evening with Yoongi, though he admonishes himself for getting so excited at the idea of watching movies together. It’s an activity that a normal couple would completely take for granted and the fact that they have to plan something so simple still hurts a little. Jeongguk’s also a bit distracted by his decision to broach the subject with Yoongi tonight. No matter how hard he works out he doesn’t quite quell the flutter of both

excitement and nerves inside him.

Jeongguk glances down at his watch. He knows that they agreed to meet later in order to give Yoongi time to finish up his work and let Jeongguk get to the gym, but he's getting kind of antsy. It's almost how he imagines people feel in the run up to a date. There's still a little while to go before he needs to head back but he feels just about done. He takes a sip of his water, wiping his forehead with the small towel in his hand.

He's not sure whether it's the excited buzz he feels or a result of the edgy impatience gathering in him, but Jeongguk gets a little more daring. He thinks back to their earlier conversation. He knows Yoongi teases him for working out so much but he's not blind; he doesn't fail to miss the appreciative looks sent his way whenever he strips off. He grabs his phone out of his pocket, switching on the camera and holding it out. He tilts it around until he gets a decent angle, making sure that he looks good but without seeming arrogant, getting in enough of his body but without seeming like a show off. He eventually captures a passable shot, quickly sending it to Yoongi before he gets too bashful and backs out.

He gets a response nearly immediately.

Yoongi:

how the fuck am i supposed to work now

so inconsiderate

Jeongguk grins down at the screen, typing out a response.

Jeongguk:

sorry hyung

Yoongi:

no you're not

Jeongguk laughs and goes to reply, but he can see that Yoongi's writing something else so he waits a moment.

Yoongi:

get back here already

Jeongguk doesn't need telling twice. He makes it back to the house and showers in record time, never so thankful that the bathroom isn't in use. It's not too much later when he's heading into Yoongi's room in sweatpants and a t shirt. It seems he's a little speedier than even Yoongi expected as when he enters Seokjin is still there with him, putting the final touches to his outfit for the evening.

"Oh, hey," Seokjin says, a little bemused by the casual way Jeongguk's wandering into their room. "What's up, Kook?"

"Hi hyung," Jeongguk replies. "Me and Yoongi-hyung were just going to watch a movie."

Seokjin looks over to Yoongi as though for confirmation that he's telling the truth, a small motion that for some reason riles Jeongguk a little. Yoongi looks up from his laptop and nods in agreement.

"Well, have fun," Seokjin tells them, running his hand through his hair one last time before starting to walk out the room. "Don't watch that new anime without me, Kook," he adds with a parting smile.

"Sure," Jeongguk assures him.

He knows there's some new show that Taehyung's been talking about recently that the three of them have promised to watch together at some point. As soon as Seokjin's left the room Yoongi catches Jeongguk's gaze over the laptop.

"We should totally watch it," Yoongi says conspiratorially.

Jeongguk laughs. He leans forward and brings their lips together, meeting in a light kiss over the laptop screen.

"Him and Tae would actually kill me," Jeongguk tells him.

"I could take them," Yoongi says, flexing his arm in a macho pose and grinning stupidly.

"I'd rather not take my chances," Jeongguk replies as he crawls up the bed to sit next to Yoongi. "Besides, you don't even watch anime."

"Yeah, but you do," Yoongi shrugs. "I'm happy to watch some if you like."

A familiar warmth unfurls itself in Jeongguk's chest at Yoongi's offer. He shakes his head, not wanting to have Yoongi sit through something

he's not particularly interested in on his behalf.

“Nah, its okay,” Jeongguk tells him. “I’ll spare you.”

He tilts his head to the side, smiling over at Yoongi. Their mouths meet easily in another kiss, tender and playful, though this time their tongues touch lightly. Yoongi sighs happily into it. Jeongguk takes advantage of the way his lips part, slipping his tongue further into the heat of Yoongi’s mouth as the kiss deepens. Yoongi’s fingers rest on the side of his neck, rubbing gently at the skin there as Jeongguk’s own hand lifts to card through Yoongi’s hair. They eventually pull back a little, Yoongi’s nose nudging against Jeongguk’s cheek as he smiles softly.

“Thought we were meant to be watching a movie,” Jeongguk says teasingly.

“You’re too distracting,” Yoongi tells him, drawing him smoothly back into another kiss.

Jeongguk’s smiling into the kiss and he’s sure Yoongi can feel it. It doesn’t matter though because he can feel Yoongi smiling right back. Their tongues slide together effortlessly, their bodies shifting a little closer. Yoongi’s thumb strokes against his neck, Jeongguk’s fingers tightening in his hair ever so slightly. Yoongi’s head tilts back enough to suck gently on Jeongguk’s lower lip, tongue touching briefly to it before returning to join Jeongguk’s in their slow, wet slide.

The sound of chatter from outside in the hallway is enough of a reminder that they’re not alone in the house and they grudgingly break apart, though their lips continue to meet in a series of short, sweeter kisses. When Jeongguk looks at Yoongi he feels like he’s missed a step even though he’s still sitting down, the seemingly impossible mixture of intensity and softness in Yoongi’s gaze making him feel just as off balance as it always does.

“Right. Movie,” Yoongi says, as though trying to be firm with himself as well as Jeongguk.

They end up picking a Marvel movie; it has Iron Man in it at least so Jeongguk’s happy. Though to be honest he has no idea what the plot is. The subtitles keep getting ignored in favour of chatting but it’s nice, so nice, just to relax like this with Yoongi. Jeongguk tells him about some new dances he and Hoseok have been practicing just for fun, a concept that Yoongi seems to find astounding, and Yoongi fills him in on some track ideas that he’s been working on. They chat

about whatever comes into their minds, their conversation broken only by the many kisses they keep sharing.

“I have no idea what’s going on,” Yoongi admits in one of the rare moments that they’re actually watching the movie and Jeongguk hums in agreement.

They watch the battle between one of the main characters and god knows who, and when Yoongi wordlessly takes hold of his hand then Jeongguk knows that there’s no chance of ever actually following this plot. Their fingers lace together and Jeongguk has to suppress a grin when Yoongi’s head rests on his shoulder. He lets his head rest too, his cheek pressed into soft strands of Yoongi’s hair.

Jeongguk knows he planned on talking to Yoongi about telling the others but he’s feeling so happy and content right now, and the thought of breaking it with a potentially awkward topic seems more difficult than ever. Though perhaps, Jeongguk wonders, it might be the best time to broach it, when the elder seems in such good spirits.

It’s nearing the end of the movie when there’s a quiet knock at the door. Yoongi tells whoever it is to come in and instinctively unlinks their hands. Jeongguk sighs, loud enough for Yoongi to catch it, but he doesn’t have chance to say anything before Namjoon opens the door.

“Oh, hey guys,” he says, a flicker of surprise on his face. “What you watching?”

“Something about Captain America,” Yoongi replies, not sounding massively enthused.

“Well, I can see it’s really gripped your attention,” Namjoon chuckles. “I just needed to grab my phone charger, Seokjin borrowed it earlier.”

Namjoon’s in and out the room fairly quickly and as the door closes Jeongguk’s stomach lurches. He thinks he has to bring it up now. The sad clench of his stomach when Yoongi dropped his hand so suddenly just now has made up his mind.

“Yoongi?” he begins tentatively.

“Hmm?” he replies distractedly, eyes on the laptop screen. Jeongguk doesn’t continue and Yoongi looks over at him, realising that Jeongguk wants his full attention for whatever he’s about to say.

“So, uh, do you remember on your birthday we kind of mentioned telling the others about us?”

He doesn’t fail to catch the fleeting panicked look that appears in Yoongi’s eyes and it does nothing to help Jeongguk’s confidence. Yoongi doesn’t say anything, simply nods. Jeongguk clears his throat, gathering himself to continue.

“It’s just, you said then that we wouldn’t tell them yet and well, I wondered if we maybe- if we could now.”

Yoongi’s features soften, though they seem a little sad and it doesn't comfort Jeongguk. Yoongi sighs and takes hold of Jeongguk’s hand.

“That was only a few weeks ago,” he says quietly. “Let’s just wait a little longer.”

Jeongguk looks down, eyes focused on the way Yoongi’s thumb brushes over the back of his hand. He chews nervously on his lower lip, wanting so much to just agree in order to get rid of the strange tension suddenly hovering over them. It’s so unfamiliar and Jeongguk knows that agreeing will dissipate it, but he holds out despite the awkwardness.

“I don’t want to wait,” Jeongguk says. He can’t quite bring himself to look up at Yoongi but he hears the way he exhales, clearly not in agreement.

“I understand,” Yoongi says. Jeongguk’s not sure that he does, otherwise he’d want the same. “And we *will* tell them. Just not yet.”

“So my opinion counts for nothing then,” Jeongguk replies, a little snappier than he intended. He can sense the way Yoongi’s body tenses and he forces himself to look up to meet his gaze. Yoongi looks troubled and he swallows heavily.

“Of course it counts,” Yoongi tells him. “But you’ve got to respect my opinion too.”

“What if your opinion isn’t the right one,” Jeongguk pushes back. “I don’t get it. Why would you want to keep hiding this?”

“Look, I’m just asking us to wait a-“

“Yes, yes, you want to wait, I get it,” Jeongguk says sharply, getting a touch irritated by the way Yoongi keeps holding out.

“Kook,” Yoongi says, voice unusually stern. “Don’t be like that. I just don’t think we should say anything yet.”

“Why though?” Jeongguk presses. He feels a little sick in his stomach, unsettled by Yoongi’s continuing reluctance. He doesn’t want to think it, not after how Yoongi treats him with such fondness, but he can’t imagine another reason. “Are you- are you ashamed of me or something?”

Yoongi’s eyes widen and his hand squeezes Jeongguk’s hard. He seems genuinely upset by the accusation though it does little to quell Jeongguk’s fears.

“Oh god, of course not,” Yoongi tells him firmly. “How could you think that?”

“Well, I don’t see what else it could be,” Jeongguk shrugs weakly.

Yoongi’s expression is pained as though caught in some kind of conflict about what to say next. He looks down, biting on his lower lip before raising his head. He doesn’t quite meet Jeongguk’s gaze as he answers him.

“I-I just,” he pauses, sighing softly before continuing. “Telling the others is a big thing. I just don’t know if you understand the implications. If you really know what it means. I just want you to be certain of this-“

The sadness in the depths of Jeongguk’s stomach twists into something angrier. He really didn’t expect those sort of words to come from the other. He cuts Yoongi off abruptly.

“I’m not a fucking child, Yoongi,” he replies. “I know what I’m doing.”

“I didn’t mean it like that,” Yoongi says, sounding flustered. “Baby, please just-“

“God, don’t *call* me that,” Jeongguk snaps.

“Oh,” Yoongi says.

He blinks a couple of times, eyes dropping down, and he sounds so hurt that Jeongguk instantly regrets it. He normally loves it when Yoongi calls him by the pet name, but right now it makes him feel like he’s being treated even more as though he’s not mature enough. He feels hurt himself and he pulls his hand away from Yoongi’s. He stands

up, hoping that Yoongi will try to stop him but Yoongi just sits there.

“You know, everyone always treats me like a kid,” Jeongguk tells him. “But I never expected it from you."

“Honestly, Kook, I didn’t mean it like that,” Yoongi tries again.

“Whatever,” Jeongguk mutters and he hates it because he does sound fucking immature doing so. It’s suddenly too much; he feels confused and hurt and he just needs to leave. So he does, and he can’t ignore how painful it is when Yoongi doesn’t come after him.

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There’s a soft knock on Jeongguk’s door. His heart races against his will, hoping once again that it might be Yoongi coming to admit that he was totally wrong, that of course they can tell the others and lets just pretend that the other day never happened.

He can’t help feeling like this. The last two days have been awful. Luckily they’ve been busy enough that Jeongguk doesn’t have chance to spend too long dwelling on what was said, but that doesn’t mean that it doesn’t replay in his mind every spare moment. He’s shared so many firsts with Yoongi; first kiss, first time having sex, first boyfriend. But this, their first fight, god it’s fucking awful.

Jeongguk was well aware of how strong his feelings were towards Yoongi before, but now that he’s not there, now that there’s a part of Jeongguk that worries things might be over- well, it’s clear just how much Yoongi has come to mean to him. It makes what he said hurt all the more. Everyone always handled him carefully, treated him differently because he’s the youngest, but Yoongi much less so. Despite the age gap he’d always felt like Yoongi’s equal.

“Come in,” Jeongguk says.

“Hey, Kook.”

Taehyung gives him a warm smile as he walks into the room, quietly closing the door behind him. He wanders over and perches on the edge of Jeongguk’s bed.

“Hey,” Jeongguk replies, though he doesn’t manage to give much of a smile in response.

“So,” he says.

“So,” Jeongguk repeats.

“Are you really gonna make me say it?” Taehyung sighs.

“Say what?” Jeongguk shrugs. He knows he shouldn’t take his mood out on Taehyung but he can’t help it.

“Okay, fine,” Taehyung says, exasperated. “You and Yoongi-hyung. What the fuck’s going on?”

“Nothing’s going on,” Jeongguk replies.

“God, I could kill you both sometimes,” Taehyung says. He huffs it out, but there’s a softness in his voice. “I’m not blind, Kook. You two have barely said a word to each other these last couple of days and don’t think I haven’t seen you staring all forlornly at each other when you think the other’s not looking.”

Jeongguk blushes a little. “I do not look *forlorn*,” he protests.

“Yes you do, and Yoongi too,” Taehyung tells him. “You’re both like lost puppies and it’s ridiculous.”

“I have *never* looked like a puppy,” Jeongguk replies, though he laughs very slightly at Taehyung’s irritable face. Call him melodramatic, but he thinks it’s the first time he’s laughed in the last two days. “You’re cute when you’re annoyed, hyung.”

“Shut it,” Taehyung says, trying to sound stern but failing. He whacks Jeongguk on the arm. “You two need to sort this out before the others start figuring out that there’s something going on between you.”

His comment stills Jeongguk’s laughter. The pang of hurt returns in full force. He casts his gaze down and bites on his lip.

“Yeah. Wouldn’t want that,” he mutters.

A silence settles over the room. Taehyung places a hand on his calf, reassuring and calming. He sighs quietly.

“Is that what this is about?” he asks gently. Jeongguk nods, running a palm over his face. God he hates talking about stuff like this, but he knows how persistent Taehyung can be and deep down he also knows that he just wants to help.

“I wanted to tell the others, you know, about us. But he just keeps saying not yet,” Jeongguk tells him. “When I asked why, he just kind

of implied that I don't know what I'm doing. Like I'm too immature or something to make a decision like that."

Taehyung frowns. "That doesn't sound like him."

"Oh, don't you start treating me like that as well, like I don't know-"

"Christ, okay, okay," Taehyung says, a little snappier than before. "Ever think you might have overreacted a bit?"

Jeongguk doesn't reply, and Taehyung sighs again, trying a different route of questioning. "Did you ask him to explain himself?"

"No," Jeongguk mumbles. "He kept saying he didn't mean it like that but- well, of course he's going to say that."

"So you didn't hear him out?"

"No, I just left," Jeongguk admits. It sounds stupid when he says it now. He adds on in a panic, as though justifying himself. "But he didn't try to come after me or anything. He knew he meant it."

"For god's sake," Taehyung mutters. "Why don't people ever just fucking talk about things?"

His tone catches Jeongguk a little off guard and something in the way it's said makes him think that it might not entirely be aimed at himself and Yoongi. Jeongguk looks down at the covers, not sure what to say. Taehyung seems to take a few moments before he speaks again, and when he does his tone is much softer.

"I get why you're upset," Taehyung says. "But I really think you've misunderstood him. Yoongi's just as shit at talking about this stuff as you are, he probably just phrased something wrong. And as for chasing after you, well that's not Yoongi's style. You know why? Because he lets you make your own decisions. He treats you like an adult."

"Maybe," Jeongguk says uncertainly, suddenly feeling awkward and embarrassed.

"Please can you guys just *talk*," Taehyung asks. "Because honestly, I don't like you two being all moody. I'm almost missing the lovesick gazes."

Jeongguk gives him a small smile and Taehyung squeezes his calf. He

nods slowly.

“Okay,” he agrees. Taehyung smiles. Jeongguk wets his lips a little. “Tae, is um, is everything okay with you and Jimin?”

He takes the opportunity to ask while he can. Jimin’s odd looks lately and Taehyung’s strange outburst just now leave a slightly unsettled feeling within him. Taehyung looks rather taken aback at the question. He inhales deeply, looking up at the ceiling. He shrugs.

“Honestly? I don’t know,” he admits.

Jeongguk’s a bit stunned by the confession. The pair of them are so close, he can’t imagine a situation where that’s no longer the case. His worry must show because Taehyung’s quick to calm his fears.

“We’ll be fine,” Taehyung assures him. “Just- one problem at a time all right?”

Jeongguk goes to say something more but Taehyung gives him a look that indicates that the conversation is over, and Jeongguk lets it drop.

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“So, have you made up with Yoongi-hyung yet?”

Jeongguk shoots Jimin a pointed glare as he sips on his water. He’s not sure if Taehyung’s discussed it with him or whether Jimin’s just figured it out on his own, but either way it’s not a helpful reminder. Ever since his conversation with Taehyung last night he’s been trying to find a moment to speak about things with Yoongi, but their hectic schedules seem to be making it near impossible. They need time alone; it’s not exactly the sort of thing that they can just casually discuss over the dinner table.

“Trying to,” Jeongguk huffs.

“Well, get a move on,” Jimin tells him. “You two are gross together, but fuck me I'd forgotten how grumpy Yoongi can truly be. He told me off yesterday 'cause my *hair* was bothering him.”

Jeongguk just rolls his eyes and walks over to the stereo, lining up the music for them to continue practicing. Jimin laughs and gets into position, ready to run through their performance choreography again. Jeongguk normally enjoys doing this stuff with Jimin but right now he just feels antsy, like he should be spending this time searching out

Yoongi to talk with him. He tries to focus and once the music starts he throws himself fully into the dance.

At some point towards the end of the song the door to the practice room opens and Jeongguk almost falls over when he sees Yoongi step inside. He stands there awkwardly as he waits for the track to end and Jeongguk tries his hardest not to keep looking over.

“Hey, hyung!” Jimin greets him brightly.

“Hey,” Jeongguk says, a lot quieter.

“Sorry, I didn't mean to interrupt. I thought you guys might be finishing up,” Yoongi says in greeting, chewing on his lower lip.

“Yeah, that was our last run through,” Jimin tells him. Jeongguk looks at him out of the side of his eyes, knowing full well that it wasn’t their last one.

“Cool,” Yoongi nods. ‘I- um. Kook, can I talk with you?”

“Sure,” he replies, nerves suddenly swirling rapidly inside of him.

“I’ll, uh, see you guys back at the house,” Jimin tells them. He gives Jeongguk a reassuring smile as he gathers up his bits and starts to head out of the door.

“Thanks, Jimin,” Yoongi says and Jimin just nods in response.

It’s only the two of them now and Jeongguk doesn’t quite know what to do. He looks over at Yoongi and immediately gets the urge to run over to the elder, to just hug him and kiss him and not let him go. Instead he stays standing awkwardly, as does Yoongi.

“I thought we should talk,” Yoongi eventually says.

“Yeah,” Jeongguk agrees uselessly.

Yoongi walks over to the mirror, sitting down on the floor with his back against it. He motions for Jeongguk to sit down next to him, which he does eagerly. Yoongi takes a deep breath and seems to gather himself. He clears his throat a little, looking out into the room rather than at Jeongguk.

“Look, Kook, I’m sorry I kept asking you to wait,” he begins tentatively. “I had my reasons but I really don’t think I explained myself very well.”

“Okay,” Jeongguk nods. Yoongi doesn’t continue straight away but Jeongguk senses he needs to time to think about what he’s saying, so he doesn’t press him. Eventually Yoongi speaks again.

“When I said I wasn’t sure if you knew how big it was to tell the others and if you were certain- I wasn’t saying that you’re too young to understand or whatever. I hope you know that I’ve never thought that.”

Jeongguk nods again. He pauses, inhaling deeply once more.

“I just- I’m your first boyfriend, Kook. I’m your first for a lot of things. I know what it’s like to get caught up in the excitement of that. My first boyfriend, fuck, I would have done anything for him. I did a lot of shit I wasn’t comfortable with because it. Because it was so new, so nice to have that connection with someone. I’d never experienced that before and it made me think a little, I don’t know, irrationally.”

It feels really strange to hear Yoongi talk about a past relationship. It makes Jeongguk uneasy to know that there’s been other guys before him, other guys who have been able to call Yoongi their boyfriend, even though he knows it’s completely ridiculous. Yoongi pauses again and Jeongguk takes the opportunity to jump in.

“I don’t get what this has to do with me,” Jeongguk says warily. “You don’t ever make me uncomfortable.”

Yoongi smiles softly and turns his head so that they’re facing each other. “Good,” he says. “I guess what I mean is, I got so caught up in the excitement of having a boyfriend that it clouded my judgement. I had no other comparison so I didn't realise that I liked the *idea* of it all, rather than him. And you know, you’ve only had me.”

Yoongi sighs and looks down.

“Once we tell the others, there’s no taking that back. It’s always going to be out there. I want to make sure that you’re truly certain that this is what you want.” He wets his lips, blinking hard. “That I’m what you want.”

“There you go again,” Jeongguk says, a trace of annoyance in his voice but the anger from before has gone. “Like I’m not capable of making a decision. Surely I’ve made it clear how much I want you.”

His face heats up a little from making such a blunt declaration. There’s a hint of shy smile on Yoongi’s lips. He looks up at Jeongguk.

“Yeah, you have,” he says. “I guess I just struggle to believe it. That you want to be with me, it just- well, it amazes me. Like it’s too good to be true.”

“Don’t be ridiculous,” Jeongguk says dismissively, though it’s said kindly. He doesn’t really know how to react to such an admittance from Yoongi. He’s normally so confident, so sure of himself and who he is. That he would doubt himself deserving of Jeongguk just seems insane.

“I’m sorry, Kook,” he sighs. “I just wanted to be totally sure that telling the others wouldn’t end up being something you regret. I thought that more time would maybe give you enough space to consider things fully.”

“I like you, Yoongi,” Jeongguk says. “I don’t give a fuck if you’re my first or my hundredth boyfriend. I just know and that's not going to change.”

A silence settles over the room after Jeongguk speaks. Jeongguk's cheeks feel hot from his admission and his heart pounds. Yoongi presses his lips together in a tight line. He seems to be thinking over things, and Jeongguk lets him. Eventually the silence breaks.

“A hundred boyfriends?”

Yoongi arches an eyebrow, a faint smile on his lips.

Jeongguk laughs lightly, the tension evaporating little by little. “Hey, I could have a hundred boyfriends,” Jeongguk teases.

“I don’t doubt that,” Yoongi replies.

He reaches out, thumb rubbing across Jeongguk’s cheek. His gaze is warm, affectionate. He lets out a long, quiet breath. “Okay. Okay." He nods almost to himself. His smile deepens. He gazes at Jeongguk a moment longer before continuing. "I'm sorry. For making you feel like I wasn’t taking you seriously.”

Jeongguk nods. “I’m sorry for not giving you chance to explain."

There's an awkward moment between them, the sentimentality of the scene suddenly hitting the pair and making them both laugh, low and embarrassed.

“Can we stop saying sorry now?" Yoongi suggests. “It feels rather

unnatural.”

"Yes, definitely,” Jeongguk laughs, relieved.

Yoongi smiles at him, eyes shimmering with such emotion that it leaves Jeongguk as overwhelmed as always. His irises fail to hide the happiness or the affection, and maybe it's just because he's not held Yoongi's gaze like this over the last few days, but Jeongguk feels like the intensity is a bit deeper than before. He doesn't get chance to think too much on it as Yoongi's then leaning in to capture his mouth in a sweet, tender kiss. Jeongguk doesn't worry about the soft, needy noise that escapes his throat at the contact. It may have only been a few days but fuck, he's missed this so much.

His hands grip onto Yoongi's shoulders as they move slightly to be fully facing each other. Yoongi's tongue darts out against closed lips and Jeongguk's head tilts to the side like it's the most natural thing. Jeongguk's insides are a jumble of nerves and relief and pure happiness. The kiss deepens as Yoongi's hands cup his jaw, fingers either side of Jeongguk's face as their tongues meet in a slow, passionate slide. The sound of their breathing through their noses is loud as the kiss gets inexplicably deeper, exploring each other's mouths so fully because they *can* again. They pull back now and again only enough so that their lips still linger close, pressing together softly again and again before they resume the slick roll of their tongues.

The look Yoongi gives him when they finally break apart fully makes Jeongguk's heart thump wildly in his chest. It stuns Jeongguk just how much he *feels* for Yoongi right now. His fingers hold a little tighter onto the elder, a pleased sigh falling from him as Yoongi's lips travel just beneath his jaw, one of his hands lifting to tangle in the messy strands of Yoongi's locks. Yoongi's lips are soft and warm and Jeongguk tilts his neck to let them explore across the skin there.

"You- you mean a lot to me, Kook" Yoongi breathes softly against him.

It makes something tighten almost unbearably in Jeongguk's chest. He doesn't reply, feeling as useless as ever with finding the right words. Instead he simply wraps his arms around Yoongi, holding him close and letting him know that he feels exactly the same way. He's truly realised over the last few days just how deeply attached to Yoongi he has become. Yoongi seems to get what he's trying to convey. His own arms slide around Jeongguk, his face pressed into the side of Jeongguk's neck. They stay like that for longer than they probably should, purely content with being back in each other's arms.

They share bashful smiles when they finally pull apart, the closeness that they're both feeling making them grin stupidly. They soon settle back into one more slow, lazy kiss, allowing themselves to get completely lost in the smooth, languid roll of their tongues together. Jeongguk just wants to go on kissing like this all night but once he's thinking a little more rationally, he, like Yoongi, realise that they're still in a somewhat public building and that it's probably best to head back.

The taxi ride to their house is quiet but it's comfortable. Yoongi sits next to him in the middle seat, their thighs pressed together in the darkness of the back seats. The journey's almost over when Yoongi speaks.

"So, how should we tell the others?" he asks casually and Jeongguk has to try his hardest to suppress the smile that threatens to break across his lips.

"I'm not sure yet," Jeongguk tells him, and even in the darkness he can see the fondness in Yoongi's gaze. "We can figure it out later."

Yoongi nods and Jeongguk has to turn away. It's almost too much. He looks out the window, eyes following the blur of streetlights as they drive past, attempting to focus on that rather than the way his heart is racing. It doesn't help.

And when he feels Yoongi take hold of his hand, it's impossible to hold back his smile any longer.

End Notes

I know I say it each time but I really mean it - thank you so, so much to everyone who comments on this, I love hearing your thoughts and it means a great deal to me <3

I hope that you enjoyed this part! Your comments are always appreciated.

Just to note, for the next part I will be doing something slightly different as it will be a side-story told from Jimin's POV. It will explore a bit of the SugaKookie backstory and also give a glimpse into what's been happening with Vmin all this time. The SugaKookie story will continue as normal after that :)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!